

# Good 496 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## ALL'S WELL AT FAR BANNATYNE L.S. Lewis Rostron

IT'S some journey to your home, Leading Seaman Lewis Rostron, but when we did finally reach Tigh on Tudor, Port Bannatyne, Isle of Bute, we found your wife and baby to be very happy in that outpost of the world.

Your wife scorned any suggestion that baby David was at a troublesome age; "He's a perfect baby, and no trouble at all," she assured us.

He's a grand little fellow, Lewis, and, believe us, we are quite a considerable authority on babies by this time. His mother says he is getting to

look like you already. That pleases her immeasurably, too.

According to the frequent mail from Bolton, your father and sister are very well. News of Jim Day, too, is very good. He is in Italy now, by the way.

Your in-laws are all very well, and young John still comes home covered in soot and mud from the bay.

From Gateshead come best wishes from the A.T.S. Camp; Netta is very fit and is looking forward to a family re-union.

With her farewell wish your wife sends all her love, and David's.

## HERE'S 22lb 6oz. OF LOVELINESS L.Sto. Frank Fagg

DINNER-TIME at Jubilee Cafe, Kimberley Road, Lowestoft—can you imagine the scene, L.Sto. Frank Fagg. What a cheerful party your family are! We only popped our heads in to ask when we could take a photograph of wife and baby.

A general chorus said "Right now," so here you have some of those who look forward to seeing you soon, photographed in the garden.

We had to leave out some of your pals and also dog, Jack, who had gone off to dig for a bone he had buried. When he came back he "pinched" our pencil. He's been brought up

to impede reporters perhaps—but he's a nice dog anyway.

Your wife sends her love and wants you to know Marjorie weighs 22lb. 6oz. It doesn't seem much, but, then, she is only 7 months, as you know. And what a bonnie girl she is—you must be proud of her.

By the way, Rose says you can do your swimming from the beach now part of it is open and free from the ugly barbed wire—just one little patch, but it looks like the good old days, with toddlers and grown-ups making merry and getting very wet.

Oh, yes, that reminds us, Uncle Joe, of Fighting Cocks, says he had put one aside for you. What on earth does he mean?

Your dad and mother—as you see by the photograph—are looking well and young as ever. Tich, Arthur, Billy and Willie are all well. They seem to have an idea you would like to trot round the corner to see Uncle Joe.

Well, anyway, they will all be glad to see you. Nice to have lots of friends—and Uncle Joe. This uncle seems a popular chap—we shall have to look him up.

# KID WENT GUNNING —DEALT OWN K.O.

AROUND 1896, Kid McCoy held the welter-weight boxing championship of the world, having defeated Tommy Ryan and Tommy West. He also in his career laid out Jack Wilkes, Peter Maher and Joe Choynski. He put Tom Sharkey down for a long count with his famous corkscrew punch. He fought the celebrated Jim Corbett, and sparred with the equally famous Bob Fitzsimmons.

He was known both sides of the Atlantic, and that's all I'm going to tell you about the pugilistic fame of Kid McCoy.

The reason I have written the above is because it is necessary for you to know something of the Kid after he ceased to be a kid; and having thus skirted the fringe of the territory of colleague W. H. Millier, I move back to my own patch of grass to relate the final knock-out of Mr. McCoy. For he delivered his own knock-out.

It is a long, tangled story that brings Kid McCoy into the company of criminals. I can't do better than start right at the moment a telephone bell began to whirr at 10.30 a.m. on August 13th, 1924, in the outer office of Los Angeles Police Department.

Irene Bell, the operator, lifted the receiver and heard these words: "A woman has been shot to death at Glenwood Apartments, Leeward Avenue. Send some officers quick."

Irene Bell was used to criminal calls. She said "O.K." calmly, and within sixty seconds a fast "call car" bearing Captain Herman Cline and Joseph F. Taylor, Chief of Detectives, was speeding to the scene.

They were shown up to a flat, and there saw, lying on the floor, under a white blanket, the body of what had been a fascinating woman approaching middle age. Even in death she looked a full-blown voluptuous beauty. There were purple blotches on the exquisitely rounded throat; and a small hole, drilled through the left temple, showed how she had met her end.

She was richly dressed, her eyes were closed, and in her clasped hands raised towards her face was a photograph.

A cushion on a divan was soaked in blood, saturated with it. There was a patch of blood on the divan, too; and near the body was a small automatic revolver. But there was no blood under the body, and when the gun was picked up carefully it was seen that one chamber was empty.

The apartment was well furnished. On a stand was a richly chased black enamelled trinket box, and on the lid of

the box, in gold lettering, were the words from a poet's verse: "The sins that Ye Do Two by Two, Ye must Pay For One by One."

The janitor of the apartments said the woman was a Mrs. Shields, and that she and her husband had engaged the flat some days previously. They were quiet tenants.

Detective Taylor was a pretty good sleuth. He, like other detectives, had a long memory. He picked up the photograph from the dead hands, and after a glance at it, handed it to Captain Cline.

"Do you know that face?" he asked.

Cline wasn't sure. It was the picture of a young boxer in a sparring attitude. Taylor turned to the janitor.

"Is that like Mr. Shields?" he asked.

The janitor said no, Mr. Shields was an older man—and then he corrected himself and said, "But that looks like him, the same cast of face, only younger."

At that moment another detective, who had been searching other rooms, came in and showed two slips of paper he had found on the kitchen table.

On one slip was written: "This is my only Will. I hereby leave all my property and personal effects to Mrs. Theresa Mors. . . . Norman Selby, July 1st, 1924."

On the second slip was written: "All my belongings go to my mother, Mrs. Mary E. Selby. . . . Norman Selby."

"We're getting tangled up with names," said the janitor. Detective Taylor picked up the photograph of the boxer grimly.

"This," he announced, "is an early picture of Kid McCoy, who left off fighting to go on the movies. He's a friend of mine. I've known him for many years."

"But what about this Norman Selby will?" asked Cline.

Detective Taylor drew a long breath. "Kid McCoy's real name is Norman Selby," he said.

It was like the sudden burst of a blade of light through darkness. It penetrated right to the heart of the mystery and confusion.

"I'll have to find Kid McCoy," said Taylor. "He'll talk to me."

## Stuart Martin relates "What the Crook Forgot"

But where was Kid McCoy? Here again came unexpected aid from out the blue. As the detectives stood there the telephone bell rang and a man's voice asked for Detective Taylor. The speaker gave his name as Thomas. He had been given the telephone number by Irene Bell at headquarters, but he didn't know to what address he was speaking. His message was simple but vivid.

"Listen, Mr. Taylor," he said. "I am Kid McCoy's brother-in-law. He came to our house this morning at three o'clock and gave my wife—that's his sister—his watch and some money. He was very drunk, and said he was going to finish himself. He went away quickly, and we are afraid that maybe he will commit suicide."

"Wait a minute," broke in the detective. "Where has McCoy been living?"

"Why, at Glenwood Apart-



"But I'm the laughing-stock of the regiment in a beret, Sarge!"

ments, with a woman he was crazy about. Her name is Mrs. Mors. Maybe you know her. She was divorced lately, and her husband runs an antique shop in West Seventh Street. The Kid had a grudge against Mors."

Detective Taylor laid down the receiver. He had the dead woman's name now. Turning to a policeman, he issued orders quickly.

"Go to the Mors shop. If McCoy has a grudge against Mors he may go gunning for him. Quick!"

And that bit of reasoning proved sound. The cop (and others) got McCoy. He had gone to shoot up Mors, but, not finding him at the shop, had shot up three other people, and was arrested as he tried to skip in a car.

McCoy was taken to a police station. There was no question that he was still under the effects of liquor, and when he was questioned by Taylor he seemed to be unable to remember things. But a sleep in a cell brought him round. He wouldn't speak to anybody but Taylor.

"Joe," he said, "I don't remember what happened. I loved Tess. . . . The next thing I knew she was lying on the floor. When I saw her there all the lights went out for me." Later he said that if Tess was killed it must have been her husband who did it; but he couldn't say if her husband was at the flat. Again, he said she wanted to commit suicide and he had taken a butcher's knife away from her. But, no, he never killed Tess, not he! It must be suicide!

And that was where Kid McCoy forgot. He was told it couldn't have been suicide because (1) the woman's eyes were closed, and they would have been open if she had shot herself; (2) the bullet must have crashed into her brain, causing INSTANT death, yet there was the photograph in her hands; (3) there was no smoke mark on her face from the gun's explosion; (4) there was no blood on the floor beside the body, which proved somebody had moved her from the divan.

McCoy admitted that he had gone gunning for her husband, and said he would have killed him—and still would. But he was glad to know the three people he had shot were not on the danger list.

On December 8th, 1924, Kid McCoy's trial began. There was a brilliant array of counsel on both sides. The defence advanced two theories: First, that Mors had been heard to threaten his wife with death, and, secondly, that she committed suicide, or the gun was accidentally discharged.

McCoy admitted that he put his own photograph in her hands—"after she shot herself."

On December 29th the jury found him Guilty of Manslaughter, Guilty of Assault with Intent to Kill, and Guilty of Assault with a Deadly Weapon.

He was sentenced to twenty years, and went to San Quentin prison.

There he fell into stride and became chief of the convicts' fire brigade!

There is nothing much more to tell, except this, a cutting from a Los Angeles paper of March, 1930:—

March 13th. . . Kid McCoy must have been dreaming about his road work as a world fighter to-day when he raced the prison fire truck outside the gates of San Quentin.

McCoy was warming up the engine of the truck. He ran it in circles around the prison yard, and, apparently dreaming, shot it through the main gate at 30 miles an hour.

Watchers in the towers stared in amazement; then became active. A guard on the road waved McCoy back before the use of bullets was necessary.

That is the last I heard of peppy Kid McCoy. But I wonder if he remembered that couplet worked on the top of the trinket box in gold:

"The Sins that Ye Do Two by Two  
Ye must Pay For One by One!"



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# TWO GIANTS BATTLE TO THE DEATH

WITH a cry, Twala sprang forward straight at him, and with his battle-axe struck him such a blow upon the shield that the mere force and shock of it brought Sir Henry, strong man as he was, down upon his knees.

But at the time the matter went no further, for that instant there rose from the regiments pressing round us something like a shout of dismay, and on looking up I saw the cause.

To the right and to the left the plain was alive with the plumes of charging warriors. The outflanking squadrons had come to our relief. The time could not have been better chosen.

In five minutes the fate of the battle was decided. Taken on both flanks, and dismayed by the awful slaughter inflicted upon them by the Greys and Buffaloes, Twala's regiments broke into flight, and soon the whole plain between us and Loo was scattered with groups of flying soldiers making good their retreat.

Around us the dead and dying lay in heaped-up masses, and of the gallant Greys there remained alive but ninety-five men. More than 3,400 had fallen in this one regiment, most of them never to rise again. On arriving before the nearest

gate of Loo we found one of our regiments watching it in obedience to orders received from Ignosi. The remaining regiments were in the same way watching the other exits to the town.

Taking due precautions against treachery, we marched on into the town. All along the roadways stood dejected warriors, their heads drooping, and their shields and spears at their feet, who, as Ignosi passed, saluted him as king. On we marched, straight to Twala's kraal.

When we reached the great space, where a day or two previously we had seen the review and the witch hunt, we found it deserted. No, not quite deserted, for there, on the further side, in front of his hut, sat Twala himself, with but one attendant—Gagool.

Filing through the kraal gate, we marched straight across the open space to where the ex-king sat. When within about fifty yards, the regiment was halted, and accompanied only by a small guard we advanced towards him, Gagool reviling us bitterly as we came. As we drew near, Twala, for the first time, lifted up his plumed head.

"Hail, O king!" he said, with bitter mockery; "thou who hast eaten of my bread, and now by the aid of the white man's magic hast seduced my regiments and defeated mine army, hail! what fate hast thou for me, O king?"

"The fate thou gavest to my father, whose throne thou hast sat on these many years!" was the stern answer.

"I am ready to die, but I crave the boon of the Kukuana Royal House to die fighting. Thou canst not refuse it, or even those cowards who fled to-day will hold thee shamed."

"It is granted. Choose—with whom wilt thou fight? Myself I cannot fight with thee, for the king fights not except in war."

Twala's sombre eye ran up and down our ranks. Presently he spoke.

"Incubu, what sayest thou, shall we end what we began to-day, or shall I call thee coward, white—even to the liver?"

"I will fight," was Sir Henry's answer.

"Behold, Twala, the Elephant is ready for thee."

The ex-king laughed savagely, and stepped forward and faced Curtis. For a moment they stood thus, and the setting sun caught their stalwart frames and clothed them both in fire. They were a well-matched pair.

Then they began to circle round each other, their battle-axes raised.

Suddenly Sir Henry sprang forward and struck a fearful blow at Twala, who stepped to one side. So heavy was the stroke that the striker half overbalanced himself, a circumstance of which his antagonist took a prompt advantage. Circling his heavy battle-axe round his head, he brought it down with tremendous force.

My heart jumped into my mouth; I thought that the affair was already finished. But no; with a quick upward movement of the left arm Sir Henry interposed his shield between himself and the axe, with the result that its outer edge was shorn clean off, the axe falling on his left shoulder, but not heavily enough to do any serious damage.

In another second Sir Henry got in another blow, which was also received by Twala upon his shield. Then followed blow upon blow, which were, in turn, either received upon the shield or avoided. The excitement grew intense; the regiment which was watching

the encounter forgot its discipline, and, drawing near, shouted and groaned at every stroke. Just at this time, too, Good, who had been laid upon the ground by me, recovered from his faint, and, sitting up, perceived what was going on. In an instant he was up, for dear life, and dearer honour, and, catching hold of my arm, With a supreme effort Twala

see Sir Henry's shield lying on the ground, and Sir Henry himself with his great arms twined round Twala's middle.

To and fro they swung, hugging each other like bears, straining with all their mighty muscles going on. In an instant he was up, for dear life, and dearer honour, and, catching hold of my arm, With a supreme effort Twala



"No! Lady, No!—I've gotta 'ave the rent!"

on one leg, dragging me after him' his feet, and down they came yelling out encouragements to Sir Henry—

"Go it, old fellow," he hallooed. "That was a good one! Give it him amidsthips," and so on.

Presently Sir Henry, having caught a fresh stroke upon his shield, hit out with all his force. The stroke cut through Twala's shield and through the tough and chain armour behind it, gashing him in the shoulder.

With a yell of pain and fury Twala returned the stroke with interest, and such was his strength, shore right through the rhinoceros' horn handle of his antagonist's battle-axe, strengthened as it was with bands of steel, wounding Curtis in the face.

A cry of dismay rose from the Buffaloes as our hero's broad axe-head fell to the ground; and Twala, again raising his weapon, flew at him with a shout. I shut my eyes. When I opened them again it was to

## JANE



## KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of  
RIDER HAGGARD

## QUIZ for today

1. Sunn is one of the Minor Planets, drink made from nuts, kind of hemp, system of gearing, toast and anchovies.
2. What name is given to a group of (a) swine, (b) leopards?
3. What is a gibbous moon?
4. What and where is the Devil's Chimney?
5. With what do you associate the names of (a) Bax, (b) Batt?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Dishonourable, Distinguishable, Distrain.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 495

1. Fruit.
2. (a) Murmuration, (b) Fall.
3. A bee's sting is barbed, and remains in the wound; a wasp's sting is smooth, and is withdrawn by the wasp.
4. A formation of hexagonal pillars of rock, in N. Ireland.
5. (a) English, (b) English.

## REGRETS IMPENDING.

HOW is it that weddings lend themselves so often to newspaper misprints? (asks a London columnist). I published one the other day about the bride carrying a bunch of scabies.

And now comes this one, clipped from the society column of the "West Virginia Mountaineer":—"The bride was gowned in white lace. The bridesmaids' gowns were punk...."

## WANGLING WORDS—435

1. Insert four consonants in: \*A \*A \*A \* and get an American capital city.
2. Rearrange the letters of: OR RIDE JOANIE and get the capital of a large country in the New World.
3. In the following four carpenter's tools the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 4287B2196, 5R674, 4895H, 42696.
4. Find the two hidden fresh-water fish in: To sketch ten churches he used acres of paper, and had to rub reams out.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 434

1. DELIBERATE.
2. WASHINGTON (U.S.A.).
3. Easel, Paints, Paper, Pencils.
4. Ow-l, P-art-rld-ge.

## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 19

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: If wheels they people squeak oil always.
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Hazel, Walnut, Brazil, Cob, Almond, Filbert.
3. If yellow leaves and pink flowers are always found together, some pink flowers have five petals, and all five-petalled flowers have yellow leaves, is it necessarily true that (a) all five-petalled flowers are pink, (b) all yellow-leaved flowers have five petals?
4. A, B, C, D and E are seated at a circular table. A is on C's right; B is not on D's left; D is not sitting next to E. How are they seated?

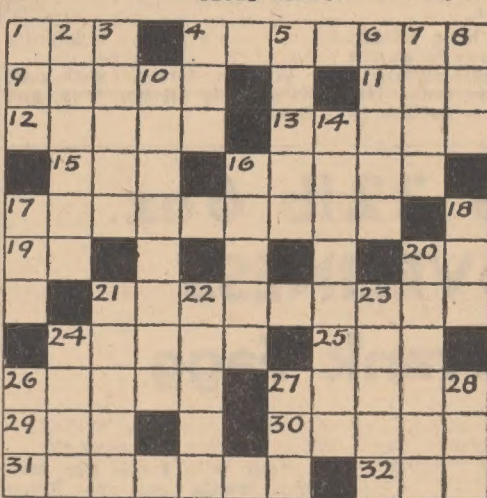
(Answers in No. 497.)

## Answers to Test No. 18.

1. Trees shed their leaves for the same reason that we shed our clothes. (Or vice-versa.) False.
2. New York is a town; others are not.
3. India.
4. Because, if my uncle's father died in the middle of his dream my uncle could not possibly have known anything about it.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Salary.



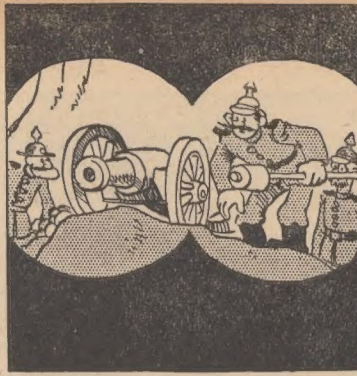
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Comrade. 2 Reviled. 3 Sailing ship. 4 Insect.
- 5 Last. 6 Girl's name. 7 Kind. 8 Hailing cry.
- 10 Meeting. 14 Compassionate. 16 Relations. 17 Speak. 18 Woman's title. 20 Adviser. 21 Reel. 22 Expert. 23 Swiss town. 24 Whirl. 26 Fall behind. 27 Light-hearted. 28 Scull.

- 4 Academic.
- 9 Diminish.
- 11 Deer.
- 12 Pecuniary gain.
- 13 Polishing mineral.
- 15 Coy.
- 16 Representative.
- 17 Draughtsman's device.
- 19 Small advertisement.
- 20 Man's title.
- 21 Harangues.
- 24 Musical groups.
- 25 Winnow.
- 26 Thrust.
- 27 Zest.
- 29 Part of circumference.
- 30 Town on the Forth.
- 31 Much.
- 32 Make a mistake.

P BACILLI S  
OREGON ERIC  
RESENT FANE  
CLOD ROTTEN  
HEM POP EFT  
G CEDED F  
GAG RUN CAR  
ATONIC TUBA  
ZERO IDYLLS  
EDGE NANTES  
S ELEGIES O

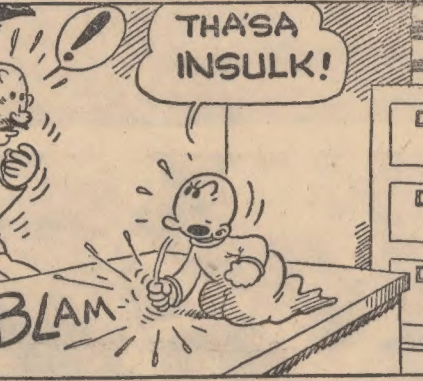
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# SOVIET CELLULOID

By Gordon Rich

M. IVAN BOLSHAKOV, chairman of the Government Committee on Motion Pictures, has cabled a resume of the Soviet cinema industry in wartime to the Soviet Press Department in London.

The Soviet motion picture industry's first response to the momentous events of June, 1941, was the production of patriotic shorts, released in a series of three under the general title of "Victory Will Be Ours."

When military operations spread to Kiev, Odessa, Yalta and Minsk, the studios, staffs and equipment in those cities were moved to Central Asia.

The drive on Leningrad and Moscow, in the summer and autumn of 1941, necessitated the evacuation of the Lenfilm, Mosfilm, Soyuzdetfilm, Mostekfilm, and Multifilm studios, various educational and scientific institutions, including the Cinema and Photography Institute and the State Motion Picture Institute, which trains screen directors, playwrights, artists and actors.

All the Soviet central Asiatic republics have their own national studios, but the sets and equipment there could not cope with the needs of such big organizations as the Moscow, Leningrad, Byelorussian and Ukrainian studios.

The enthusiastic efforts of the evacuated studio personnel, and the friendly aid of the Governments concerned, made it possible to resume production in record time.

The studios in Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan continued working even when the fighting came to the foothills of the Caucasus. "Georgi Saakadze," a two-part historical film, was produced on a grand scale by Mikhail Chiaureli in Tbilisi. The same studio turned out Vladimir Petrov and Isidor Annensky's "Elusive Jan," dealing with the underground movement in Czechoslovakia. "David Bek," another big historical film, was made by Beknazarov in Erevan.

## PSYCHOLOGY OF SOVIET PEOPLE.

From the Baku studio, headed by Alexander Ivanov, came films showing the friendship of the nations of the U.S.S.R. and their hatred of the common enemy, documentary and biographical subjects.

The evacuated studios turned out a large number of films, in which the country at war was revealed through concrete personalities and characters. These films help to show the psychology of the Soviet people and the sources of their fortitude in the struggle against the invaders.

Other pictures traced the gradual development of personalities, while a few took for their themes friendship and teamwork in battle. The unprecedented struggle of Soviet guerrillas found expression in other releases.

In addition to films about the present war, recent releases include several devoted to the history of the civil war of 1918-21, and its outstanding military leaders, first and foremost being Joseph Stalin.

## 120 CAMERAMEN IN ACTION.

While comedies have not been forgotten, military training and scientific films have been produced.

Over 120 cameramen are in constant action with advance troops. Together with parachutists, they penetrate into German-held territory and visit guerrilla camps. They took part in the battle of Stalingrad, in the defence of Sevastopol, in the fighting around Leningrad and Moscow.

Their material is used not only in newsreels, which are issued every five days, but in full-length documentaries.

The industry is contributing to the development of Soviet culture, and is a constant source of inspiration to the Soviet people.

## Alex Cracks

The chemist had left his new assistant in charge while he went out.

"Anybody been?" he asked on his return. "Yes," replied the youth, "a lady wanting something that would make a dark table-cloth light. I sold her some benzine and methylated spirit."

"But that won't make a dark table-cloth light," exclaimed the chemist.

"Oh, won't it?" replied the youth. "Wait until she gets a match near it!"

An old lady approached a policeman on point duty and said:

"I say, constable, do you mind going into that draper's shop and getting me one of their catalogues?"

The policeman smiled, but replied politely: "Sorry, I cannot, madam. But why do you ask me? Cannot you get one yourself?"

"Well," replied the old lady, "it says in this newspaper, 'Send a P.C. for a catalogue,' and as you seem to have a nice, kind face, I thought I'd send you."

Clergyman (at the dairy): "Regarding the milk you deliver here—"

Milkman (uneasily): "Yes, sir."

Clergyman: "I just wanted to say that I use the milk for drinking and not for christening."

**This England** Haymaking is the thirstiest job on the farm, so they'll have earned their pints in the "local" to-night at Birling in Kent.

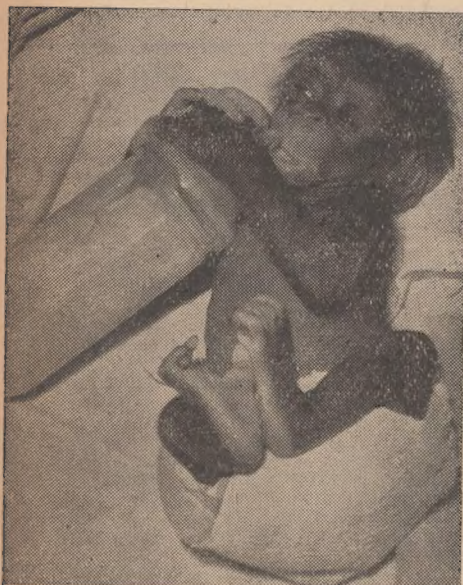


## MAKING "HAY-HAY" WHILE THE SUN SHINES!

The gal's evidently anxious that the sun shouldn't caress her cheeks too roughly—but hasn't she overlooked something? Who'll lend her another hat?



"Young lady, didn't your Mother tell you it's rude to point?"  
"Can't help it, Mister, it's so funny."



In the very first week, this chimp has taken to the bottle like a champ.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

